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The True Woman.

Edited by Mrs. Charlotte E. Mc Kay.

Vol. I.—No. 7.] BALTIMORE, SEPTEMBER, 1871. [Price 5 Cents.

I MEANT the day-star should not brighter ride,
Nor shed like influence from its lucent seat;
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Free from that solemn vice of greatness, pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to abide,
Only a learned and a manly soul
I purposed her, that should with even powers
The rock, the spindle and the shears control
Of destiny, and spin her own free hours.
[BEN. JONSON.

[For The True Woman.]

Lives and Opinions of True Women.

NUMBER III.

MADAME DE LAFAYETTE.

[*Conclusion.*]

BY MISS SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER,
Author of "Female Suffrage, A Letter to the Christian Women of America," "Rural Hours," etc., etc.

Want of space compels us to omit many very interesting details of the prison life of this excellent lady, and the noble husband, the great friend of America, whom she came to cheer. Three years of close captivity, the last one passed in complete solitude, anxiety as to the fate of his country—of his family—of all dear to him—severe suffering of body and mind—had most seriously impaired his health. The change in his face was fearful. "I cannot express to you the happiness of my mother," says Madame de Lasteyrie.—"You may imagine it when you remember the feeling which from the age of fourteen had filled her life. She had passed those three last years of horror with scarcely a hope of joining him. And now she enjoyed the happiness which she prized above all others. She saw every day the happy influence of her presence on my father's health, and all the consolation she had brought him. She was surprised to find that she had herself recovered the faculty of happiness, and reproached herself with being contented while my father was still a prisoner." The elements of happiness would seem to have been few, indeed, in that most gloomy prison; and yet there was all the sweetness of human love, in its purest forms, which shed the glow of peace on those sombre walls. Two vaulted rooms were occupied by the family, and whenever the young ladies were admitted to see their father, it was with a tremendous military parade of vigilance; they were compelled to pass beneath the drawn sabres of officers, crossed over their heads! Confinement severely close—the coarseness and brutality of the officials—and bad air, were among their trials. The food was sufficient, but badly cooked and disgustingly dirty. They were compelled to eat with their fingers—knives and forks were not allowed. "My sister," says the narrative, "supplied the want of servants. She even made shoes for my father. But her principal occupation was writing, under my father's dictation, upon the margin of the pages of a book. My mother was occupied with my education; she read with me; but the margin of Buffon, the tooth-picks and bit of India ink were much too precious for my use. In the evening my father had charming readings for us, the great pleasure of which I well remember."

The dampness and bad air of the prison brought on a severe illness of Madame de Lafayette. But these sufferings never impaired her natural sweetness. Permission to go to Vienna to consult a physician was refused to her. She greatly needed an arm-chair. This was also refused to the sick lady.

At length, after five years and one month of the General's imprisonment, and about two years after the family had been re-united, by the generous devotion of the wife, those prison doors were opened—September 19th, 1797.

They went first to Hamburg, and then to a Château in Denmark, where the eldest daughter was married to M. Charles de Maubourg, an event which gave great pleasure to the affectionate mother, who was, however, still suffering from the consequences of her illness in the prison.—She was carried, in an arm-chair, into the chapel where the ceremony was performed, by her son and the bridegroom. "Exiles have no home, no country—only a halting place," writes Madame de Lasteyrie.

The family party removed during the following year to Holland. Here they were nearer to France. A few months later Madame de Lafayette went to Paris, and to Chavauiac, where the aged aunt was still living. The correct judgment of Madame de Lafayette saw clearly that the moment for her husband's return had now come. Legally, he was still an exile—a banished man. But from the state of public affairs, his wife felt convinced it was his wisest course to return. She wrote him to that effect. She obtained a passport under a feigned name and sent it to him. "My mother was accustomed to comprehend beforehand the intentions of my father; she had a marvellous tact in judging what course was the best for him to take; she understood him, as it were, by inspiration. And he, on his side, had perfect confidence in her opinions; accordingly, he instantly set out for Paris."

Buonaparte was in a very bad humor at this arrival. No one dared mention the name of Lafayette to him. Madame de Lafayette, however, went to him. She was graciously received. "She dwelt," says the narrative, "on my father's peculiar position—on the good effect which his return must have on all good patriots. She spoke nobly, as usual, and with skill and prudence." "I am delighted, Madame, to make your acquaintance," said the Dictator, much more civil than usual. "You are very clever, but you do not understand these affairs." It is an answer generally made to women when they understand too much. However, it was settled that the General should remain quietly out of sight in the country, until certain legal steps had been taken. Meanwhile his noble wife, in accordance with his own earnest wish, undertook the arduous task of forwarding the return of the faithful friends who had followed her husband abroad. Many difficulties were in the way; but they were all overcome. "There was not one of those faithful friends who did not owe to her the removal of his name from the list of the proscribed."

And now came a period of happy years, during which the whole family were living together at the Château of Lagrange. It was the sweet summer evening after a day of fierce storm and tempest. Madame de Lafayette had never dared to anticipate the great happiness she now enjoyed. Her whole heart was filled with peace and love, in the midst of that blessed family life, so precious to her. The married children and a group of lovely grandchildren surrounded her. The harmony was perfect. All loved the country—all were indifferent to the glare of the world. The best affections of our nature were cherished there, supported by a foundation of unwavering moral principle, while the grace of filial devotion, never failing in every worthy French family, threw a peculiar charm over the household, when offered to parents so noble in character. This happiness lasted, unalloyed, until August, 1807.

The last illness of Madame de Lafayette was very remarkable, and through it all her lovely nature shone with a peculiar radiance. She was taken ill with a fever, which soon assumed an unusual form. There was constant delirium, but it was a delirium most peculiar—a dim wandering of the mind, in which there were hours deeply touching, most beautiful. No other language than that of her noble husband, writing to an intimate friend, can do justice to it:

"It was a constant delirium, and at the same time an unalterable sweetness. There was an elevation in the thoughts, and a fine distinction in her definitions—a justice and elegance in her expressions which

were astonishing to all who heard her. But what was especially adorable was that tenderness of heart which overflowed, without ceasing, upon her six children, her sister, her aunt and uncle; and all amid a disorder of the imagination which, by a miracle of feeling, was only invariably accurate in her relations with myself. It seemed as if this impression was too deep to be impaired—stronger than disease, stronger than death itself, for already she scarcely lived. 'I love you, she said, as Christians love, as worldlings love—I love you passionately!' She prayed frequently. There was something heavenly in the way in which she recited twice a canticle, the same she had recited to her daughters on beholding the spires of Olmütz. On another occasion she uttered a most beautiful prayer, lasting an hour. She was always thinking of others. Not one sign of impatience, murmuring, or annoyance at the sufferings or the remedies. It is impossible to do justice to the sweetness, patience, invariable gentleness of this angelic creature during her long and cruel illness. To the very last every service was received with an obliging word, a gesture of thanks. They wished me to leave her for a moment. I will confess that my old conjugal affection was for the first time touched with jealously. I felt a passionate desire to engross all her attention. I craved all her looks, all her thoughts. She would not let me go. As I again took my seat, she pressed my hand in both her own: 'I am all your own,' she said. Each one of her six children drew near, kissing her hand and her face. She looked at them with inexpressible affection. She took my hand and placed it first on her heart, then on her eyes, as if to indicate her last wish. 'I am all your own,' were the last words she uttered."

Is Woman the Equal of Man?

[From the Baccalaureate Sermon of President Raymond, of Vassar College.]

Of all the mistakes committed by those who are in this age advocating the cause of woman, and striving to enlarge her opportunities of development and action, I think the gravest is that of challenging an issue on the broad declaration that woman is the equal of man. Not that I doubt that, in some respects, the declaration is eminently true, but because I believe that, in others, it is eminently false, and by its ambiguity adapted to betray the undiscriminating into false and hurtful positions—positions which alarm an honest and intelligent conservatism, give ribald opposition abundant material for its warfare of abuse, confuse the public judgment, and set back indefinitely the progress of a true reform. It is one of the blunders of that distinguished Englishman who has volunteered to champion your cause—Mr. John Stuart Mill—who, with a genius for speculation second hardly to that of any living man, is singularly deficient in practical sagacity, and has never, in all his life, conducted a practical issue to a successful result; it was a characteristic and fatal blunder of his to have chosen for attack just that point of his adversary's case at which it is most impregnable—the principle that, in certain respects, woman is, must be, ought to be, subordinate to man.

As it is easy to show that woman is, in some respects, man's inferior, and as that logically invalidates the claim of absolute equality, an easy victory is given into the hands of all opponents. But, worse than this, the desire and determination to be *equal* with men, inspires in many the endeavor to be *like* men, and has misled many to suppose that to be true to the rights of woman they must cultivate mannishness in themselves and others—must become mannish in their taste, their talents, their speech and manners, and even in their dress. A fatal blunder, indeed, to disprove the unquestionable inferiority of woman in certain respects, by sacrificing her indisputable claim to superiority in other; to blot out those distinctive traits which are the glory of womanhood, and to which even bad men have yielded an instinctive and irrepressible homage; to outrage the most sacred sensibilities of good men and wise women, and array a changeless ordinance of Nature against the cause it professes to promote. The truth on this subject is alike obvious and important; that the woman is radically and eternally different from the man; different in organization—physical, mental and moral—different in functions, different in the modes and conditions of development. With the basis of a common humanity, in the points in which they differ they still are totally unlike—unlike, not in degree, but in kind, in essential nature—so unlike that the chasm which separates them can never be bridged over, or by any amount of artificial training be made appreciably less.

And as the woman is different from the man, so is she relative to him. This is true on the other side also. They are bound together by mutual relationship so intimate and vital that the existence of neither is absolutely complete except with reference to the other. But there is this difference, that the relation of woman is, characteristically, that of subordination and dependence. This does not imply inferiority of character, of capacity, of value in the sight of God or man; and it has been the glory of woman to have accepted the position of formal inferiority assigned her by the Creator, with all its responsibilities, its trials, its possible outward humiliations and sufferings, in the proud consciousness that it is not incompatible with an essential superiority; that it does not prevent her from occupying, if she will, an inward elevation of character, from which she may look down with pitying and helpful love on him she calls her lord. Jesus said: "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. But it shall not be so among you; but whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant, even as the Son of Man came, not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." Surely, woman need not hesitate to estimate her status by a criterion of dignity sustained by such authority. She need not shrink from a position which was sought by the Son of God, and in whose trials and griefs she will have His sympathy and companionship.

Mrs. Stowe on Free Love.

FROM "PINK AND WHITE TYRANNY."

Well, then, it has been very surprising to us to see in these our times that some people, who really at heart have the interest of women upon their minds, have been so short-sighted and reckless as to clamor for an easy dissolution of the marriage contract as a means of righting their wrongs. Is it possible that they do not see that this is a liberty which, once granted, would always tell against the weaker sex? If the woman who finds she has made a mistake, and married a man unkind or uncongenial, may, on the discovery of it, leave him, and seek her fortune with another, so also may a man. And what will become of women like Lillie, when the first gilding begins to wear off, if the men who have taken them shall be at liberty to cast them off and seek another? Have we not enough now of miserable, broken-winged butterflies, that sink down, down, down into the mud of the street? But are woman-reformers going to clamor for having every woman turned out helpless when the man who has married her and made her a mother discovers that she has not the power to interest him and to help his higher spiritual development? It was because woman is helpless and weak, and because Christ was her great Protector, that He made the law of marriage irrevocable: "Whosoever putteth away his wife causeth her to commit adultery." If the sacredness of the marriage contract did not hold, if the church, and all good men, and all good women did not uphold it with their might and main, it is easy to see where the career of many women like Lillie would end. Men have the power to reflect before the choice is made, and that is the only proper time for reflection. But, when once marriage is made and consummated, it should be as fixed a fact as the laws of nature. And they who suffer under its stringency should suffer as those who endure for the public good. "He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not, he shall enter into the tabernacle of the Lord."

THE Boston publishing house of Roberts Brothers have since 1863 sold 96,000 volumes of the poems of Jean Ingelow, and since 1868, more than 170,000 volumes of Miss Alcott's books.

[For the True Woman]

The Elevation of Woman.

By Dr. J. H. Hanaford.

Every real, earnest and conscientious philanthropist, every true and virtuous man, desires the elevation of the mothers of the race, not for a moment, however, admitting that such are now relatively degraded. He wishes, as his mother, his sister and his wife, that woman may be as refined, as virtuous, as intelligent, as pure, as amiable, as affectionate and as *womanly* as the frailties of our fallen nature will permit. If intelligent, if he knows woman, he must know that her influence over the sterner sex is vast, and that his elevation or degradation, and that of his children, are made intimately dependent upon her influence; that she materially controls—and must, of necessity, control—in a country like ours, the destinies of society. To educate her, is to educate her children, and, through them, society in general. To elevate and refine her, is to effect a corresponding result upon those within the circle of her influence. To make her more virtuous, more conscientious, more a true woman, is to elevate the standard of morality, to improve and bless the race.

Woman, as the companion of man, must be womanly, or she cannot satisfy him, cannot meet the wants of his nature, his constitutional, God-given characteristics. This results from marked, distinctive physical and mental peculiarities, such as constitute one a man—rough, stern, hardy, unrefined, in a certain sense—adapted to hard labor and the conflicts of life, and perhaps to leadership; and the other, a woman—gentle, confiding and affectionate.

The elevation of both sexes must be labored for with due regard to their constitional peculiarities. Man is a man only so long as he is true to his masculine nature, and the same is as true of woman. As a woman, she may exert a commanding and peculiar influence, but if she attempts to unsex herself, she loses the esteem, respect and love of the one whose love she most desires, as well as the confidence and regard of her own sex.

Will she become elevated by assuming the elective franchise? Is it possible that any one who has even a limited observation can for a moment believe that this has any inherent power to elevate woman? It does not refine man under ordinary circumstances. The elevation of woman, on the contrary, is necessarily made dependent upon the proper development of her mental and moral powers, with due regard to the perfection of her physical constitution. A broader chest than hers at present, firmer and larger muscles, more *bony* bones, more power of physical endurance, are all necessary to qualify her to engage in the conflicts of life and the duties connected with the high and holy ministries of maternity, and the development and guidance of the youthful mind. To assume the appropriate duties of man, therefore, would not only jeopardize the highest interest of society, by the withdrawal of woman's labor from her God-appointed sphere of effort and influence, but would tend materially and fearfully to degrade and unsex woman, abridging her influence over the sterner sex, since her influence here is in the direct ratio of her real womanly nature.

It is a lamentable fact that some of the professed efforts to elevate woman are based on principles at war with the original relations of the sexes, while infidel sentiments outcrop in almost every public utterance, at least, of some of the prominent speakers. Such sentiments can never meet the approval of the *true woman*.

Reading, Mass.

Female Suffrage Killed.

The following argument against Woman Suffrage, is an extract from the report of a member of a Western City Council, to whom was given the duty of investigating and reporting on the subject. The paper from which it is taken says it is altered in nothing but orthography and punctuation:

Gentlemen.—The local delegation of the Eleventh ward, to whom was referred a resolution in favor of female suffrage, and as a member of said delegation, after due consideration, report adverse thereto. Your committee takes in view the slaveholders' rebellion of sixty-one; and your committee looks upon female suffrage as dangerous as slavery did in sixty-one; and, in the opinion of your committee female suffrage, if carried out to any extent, will come nearer of breaking up this republican government than the slaveholders' rebellion. For instance, the slaveholders' rebellion was located only in a certain portion of this country—the Southern States—while the female suffrage will not be located in certain portions of this country, but will be universal all over this country, and will be worse to manage than the late rebellion, only located to a certain portion of this country. To give my views more correct to your honorable body, it will be necessary to show certain points—what effect, in my opinion, female suffrage will have to bring on another rebellion. In the first place, if female suffrage and females holding office is carried out, it will diminish the power of men to control this government, either in peace or war. The power of suffrage and holding office by females will take that power away from men. The suffrage will give the female power to declare war with foreign nations, and at home, and when they have done either, they then will stay quiet at home, and send their husbands or sons to the battle-fields to fight out their acts which they have brought on, and for which they were in part responsible. And to satisfy your honorable body, I will give you a comparison of our late rebellion with the Southern States, of which females had nearly as much to do as the men of the South. The wife would say to the husband, 'If you don't shoulder the musket, and drive those Yankees and Hessians from our soil, I won't live with you no more.' She would also say so to her son. The sister would say to her brother, 'If you don't shoulder the musket, I won't own you no more as my brother.' And so father, son and brother all went into the war by the forcing of wife and sister, and fought those Yankees and Hessians nobly on every battle-field until they were either killed or died by fatigue And then, when the Union armies advanced upon the Southern soil, those mothers and sisters soon forgot them. And if reports of soldiers of the Union armies are true, it will show that, in general, those mothers and sisters took up with those Yankees and Hessians, and in many instances they have married those gentlemen who have slain their husbands and sons or brothers, and are now enjoying over the blood of the aforesaid after driving them on the battle-field. Those acts we have all before us, and it should be a warning to every man to see that he is not killed and destroyed by female acts, and mankind should always be careful to see that the human race is not put in any more misery than they are already—brought on by females—drove out of the Garden of of Eden by the acts of Eve. And now we have to trouble ourselves amongst the thistles and thorns, where we might live happy only for Adam giving away to his wife. And it will be the same in this country if men will give way to their wives, for God has made man to rule, and whosoever will go against the will of God will go down, and this republican government with them.

Theodore Tilton says of Horace Greely, "Our esteem for him is so warm and deep that we would rather these words were spoken of almost any other man. But he is a dangerous enemy to a cause which needs faithful friends, and we have no excuse for not striking him a blow which he deserves."

Mr. Greely thus hits back: "My difference with your crowd is too vital, too radical, to permit the most sanguine dreamer to hope for my conversion. I am growing old; my opinions are tolerably firm; and the Advanced Female of the Laura Fair type, who kills the paramour of whom she claims to be the rightful affinity, and gives the lie in open court to the wife she has doubly widowed, is my pet aversion. In a spirit of hearty hatred for Free Love and all its infernal delusions, I remain yours, ——."

Five little girls at Brinton, Pa., publish a little four-page monthly called *Little Things*. They do all the work, editorial and typographical, their motto being—"Let us do all the good we can."

It is those who give credit to an evil report who invest it with life.

The True Woman.

EDITED BY MRS. CHARLOTTE E. McKAY.

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Baltimore, Md., September, 1871.

NEW Subscribers will receive all the back numbers of THE TRUE WOMAN, beginning with March.

AT the beginning of our second half year we have the pleasure of assuring our friends that THE TRUE WOMAN is steadily "winning her way" to the confidence and favor of the public, and that our prospects of success were never better than at present.

We have already subscribers in twenty-five different States and Territories, and hope soon to number them in every State of the Union. Many helpers have arisen from unexpected quarters, and some who at first stood aloof, doubting the success, and even the propriety of our undertaking, have frankly given in their allegiance and promise their best efforts in working for and with us.

We earnestly solicit the continued activity of our friends in different parts of the country in our behalf. We can make our paper effective precisely in proportion to the aid rendered by those whose interests are equally involved with our own in the great question which has called it into being. Will not each subscriber, during the present month, send us one or more names from their circle of influence? We believe that, with a little effort, this may be done; thus doubling our subscription list, and very greatly increasing our power for good. *Do not delay.*

THE Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church in the United States now consists of eight branches, with headquarters at as many cities from Boston to St. Louis, numbering 300 auxiliaries with 12,000 members. Its fields of operation are India and China.

Amherst College.

We copy the following paragraph from an exchange:

"At the recent Jubilee, celebrating the Fifteenth Anniversary of Amherst College, much interest was created by the application of several women for admission to the Freshmen class. A majority of the Faculty advised their reception. The President favored it, provided the Trustees of the College would cordially recommend it. After much discussion, the Trustees referred it to a committee, who are to obtain information of those institutions where the education of men and women in the same classes has been thoroughly tested, and to report next October. It was frequently said by many gentlemen, who shrank from immediate action, that *the change was bound to come*, and that it was a question only of time."

We hope this experiment may be tried at Amherst. We would humbly suggest to those who anticipate evil from such a measure, that there can be no great advance in human affairs without at least some liability to evil. Yet in this case we cannot conceive that evil should result which would be at all commensurate with the good that might be hoped for from it. Few women, we think, would be found whose tastes, ambitions, and physical strength would sustain them in a complete college course, but to the few who have the courage to attempt it, we wish the way may be opened.

In looking back to our own school days, we remember several years passed at an institution which admitted to its privileges pupils of both sexes. The girls recited in classes with the boys, who were preparing for college, and we do not remember that any disadvantages resulted from this plan. On the contrary, it was the general opinion that each sex was stimulated to excellence in recitation by the presence of the other.

We are happy to count among our readers some who sat in these classes with us in days long gone by, now filling important posts in the pulpit, at the bar, on the judge's bench, and in the Congress of the United States, and would consider ourselves honored by an expression of their opinion on this subject in our columns.

THEODORE TILTON urges Mrs. E. Cady Stanton to run for Governor of New Jersey, Mrs. Pauline W. Davis to do the same for Rhode Island, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe for Massachusetts.

AN honest courage will rather strive against than yield to oppression.

[For the True Woman.]

Besom.

I remember reading in the days of old the story of a magician's apprentice, who, in the absence of his master, thought to escape his ordinary labors by making the common household implements his obedient servants, as he had been his master's. He remembered the magic command, and sent the brooms to bring him water from the well. Off went the brooms and back came the water instantly—pots and kettles full. He ordered the brooms to stop, but back and forth the creatures went, with unwearied zeal. The kitchen overflowed, the parlor furniture was swimming, and the ambitious apprentice was wringing his hands on the housetop, shouting, swearing, vainly endeavoring to stop the flood, when the magician came in sight, took in the situation, and instantly cried, "Besoms! to your places!" The brooms became brooms again and no more water carriers, and the floods subsided.

The moral is two-fold. I shonld not venture on a very close application of the first: that work cannot be shirked by those by whom it is undertaken, as the poor apprentice learned to his cost, lest I should doubly prove the force of the second, which is, that many a one can raise the devil (excuse the expression), but mighty few can lay him straight afterwards.

I am afraid I shall speedily be found to raise a flood about my ears, but, nevertheless, I would sooner sink in it than forbear my speech. What woman wouldn't?

The world, it seems to be pretty much agreed, does not all go on as well as it should; and there would not be to-day occasion for such an army of women to rally under the standard of THE TRUE WOMAN against another army under the standard of anarchy and revolution, were there not something wrong in the land of which woman is undisputed queen. Orators and statesmen, poets and clergymen, men and women of thought and culture, have tried and tried, and are trying, in every possible way, to find out what this wrong is and to right it. Now, it really seems impossible that an humble individual like myself should be able to give an answer to the great problem of the age, but the apparently impossible so often comes to pass! It is not more wealth, more affection, more books, more dresses, more rights, more privileges, ballot-box or new religion that women want to make their life as blessed and their rule as perfect as human nature admit, but—I do assure you I feel very much like the foolish apprentice—but SERVANTS.

Believe me it is so; if any man or woman were to rise up and find the women of America a way out of their household agonies, by providing them with good, trusty servants, he or she would be blessed as more than the father of his country; his name would be in benediction to the end of time.

No one would ask of a person to be amiable and smiling and keep complicated accounts, while suffering with a grinding toothache, with chills and fever rattling the cups and saucers in all the neighbors' houses, at the same time that hands and feet were bound with spiked iron manacles. This is about the happy position of "a lady of the mansion" at the head of every household in the land. The insolence, ill-temper, wastefulness, ignorance and stupidity of her servants grate on every nerve all day long, year in and year out. Their unfaithfulness binds her as a slave to the kitchen, or keeps her on the rack of suspense if she leaves it. All the time the toothache, the chills and fever, and the slavery are going on. There is a home to make happy, a husband to please, bills to meet, beauty, wit and cheerfulness to maintain, children to be educated, friends to be received, a mind to be kept busy, for if the woman fails, the man sinks, the children go wild, society becomes weakened, and so on, as each depends on the other. If the screws in the kitchen will not hold their place, the house falls to the ground.

When this was first seen, everybody blamed the women for it. They were accused of over-exaction, of over-indulgence, of too much interference, of too much indifference to their servants. Every sin in the calendar was laid to their charge, and they meekly believed it. Jeweled hands were blistered over the range which stout Bridget disdained to manage; delicate women cooked dinners with the thermometer at 90, by way of encouraging the cook; wages were raised, privileges increased, work lightened by every contrivance of the inventive genius of the age, and every day the situation is worse.

Women who have toiled against this current until their hair is white, men who have seen their wives and mothers sinking under this burden, young girls who have not dared to open their eyes to what it portends to them, have now become disheartened and discouraged. There is the plain law of nature that every one must do his appointed work, and these who can do nothing else have refused to do the absolutely necessary work of the kitchen. Society will not and cannot support a class who do nothing either by labor or by money towards sustaining it; to do so would be to go back to barbarism, for the first step in civilization is for each to bring his talent to the service of the rest. These who will not labor and cannot pay others for labor, must be crushed between the two stones of those who will and do. Now they are drifting in a strong and mighty stream to vagrancy, starvation, crime, the prison and the gallows. There was a work for them to do, to do neatly, honorably, and with full earthly reward; a work that thousands of noble and high-bred women have done willingly whenever circumstances required it of them. They have refused it, the only work possible for them; they have rebelled against the law of God, and have brought misery not only to those who had the right to depend upon them for their work, but upon themselves and upon their children. What can be the future of the children born of the dirty, shiftless, faithless, utterly untruthful, out-every-night-until-eleven-o'clock girls, we all know well.

And who will come to fill their place? If those who so nobly risk their lives for "our altars and our fires" would only give us a practical answer to that terrible question!

If there are to be statesmen and scholars, heroes and saints, there must be three meals a day, and a bed to sleep in at night. The present class of servants have been abundantly tried, too long endured, and found wanting. No one can calculate the divorces, desertions, the sorrows and the deaths that have come from the tyranny of the kitchen. How a wife, fretted beyond all limits by the strife which is no fault of hers, can fail sometimes to say what she does not mean; how a husband, who sees all her annoyance, furious at his own helplessness, can help getting discouraged; how hasty words can help leading to worse—to hasty deeds, to constant fretfulness, to weariness of life, to restlessness, to confusion of ideas, and so to some dreadful end—only strong hearts and the infinite grace of God can tell. The continual load of care and anxiety is too much for weak human nature. I cannot pretend to suggest a remedy for the evils I have called to remembrance. Who will arise and cry, "Besoms! to your places!"

S. M. B.

We have in our possession a quaint little piece of embroidery, one of those *samplers* of "the old school" to be found among the treasures of almost every grandmother in the land, wrought by the mother of a lady now living, from which we copy the following:

Lucy Saunders is my name,
And with my needle I workt the same,
And if my skill had been better
I would have mended every letter.
L. S., AGED 8 YEARS. 1761.

Thus the lives of these two, mother and daughter, stretch across a period of 118 years. The little Lucy, whose tiny fingers wrought so deftly in many-colored silks 110 years ago, was afterwards the wife of Col. Paul Dudley, Sargeant of the Revolutionary army, at one time Aid-de-camp to General Washington and comrade in arms with General Lafayette.

There is in Venice a little Sunday newspaper, which is edited by a lady, Signora Gaulberta Alaide Beccari and, among its contributors numbers a great many well-known authors, several of whom belong to the same sex as the editor. Its name is *La Donna*, and it is said to be quite a success, and have a large circulation. But then, Signora Beccari and her coadjutresses do not advocate, and in fact know nothing about, "woman's rights."

[For the True Woman.]

The Lost Pearl.

J. S. M.—AGED SIX YEARS.

Here on this gladsome earth
I held my treasure with a jealous ward,
And from the radiant morning of her birth
The world grew drearer to my soul's regard.
Be humble, O my soul!
The little feet that patter by thy side
Are given but to lead thee to the goal
Where Life and Love in unity abide.

Up from the gladsome earth
God took my treasure from my heart away,
And songs of summer lost their strains of mirth,
And flowers seemed dead, and night was as the day.
Be hopeful, O my soul!
Thy poor blind feet shall follow by the sound,
The echoes of the feet that heavenward stole,
Until at last they stand on holy ground.

Still in this gladsome earth,
I think it better that my treasure's gone,
That the lost angel taught me heaven's worth
And broke the chains that kept my spirit down.
Be patient, O my soul!
A little while of journeying, and then,
Made strong and saintly by thy self-control,
Thou wilt be fit to clasp thy pearl again.

J. F. M.

We find in the *Christian Union*, July 19th, an interesting letter from an American lady in Rome, Emily B. Gould, giving an account of her work for poor little Italian boys and girls. Coming to Rome from Florence in the end of September, 1870, she found all barriers to Christian enterprise removed, and immediately set herself to the delightful work of lifting up the down-trodden and instructing the ignorant.

"To civilize and Christianize a nation," she says, "you must begin with the young. This is especially the case in Rome, where woman occupies so low a place in the social scale, and where so many of the men are infidel in their notions. We hoped that a school would at once be started which we could aid. But no one took hold of such an enterprise, and when I attempted it, I could not find in all Rome a qualified Italian female teacher. Nor did friends at home or friends abroad put funds into my hand, as I had hoped they would, to aid in hastening on the new day which had dawned upon Rome. At last, utterly discouraged, with fifty francs in my pocket, and no teacher to aid me, I decided to go forward alone and open a school on the 20th day of March. The Vaudois clergyman kindly allowed me the use of the rooms where his services are held, a most convenient and comfortable suite of apartments." * * * * * *

The school soon increased from five to forty scholars.

"The ages of the children vary from four to eleven years. I receive both boys and girls. We cover their poor torn clothes with gingham aprons, and provide them with handkerchiefs. Each child has

a comfortable little chair for its use, and we have a small supply of low tables at which they study and write. When they enter the room, their aprons are put upon them, and they are seated in three or four rows facing their teachers. At the hour for commencing the school, the door is closed, and each child putting its chair before it, kneels and recites with us the Lord's Prayer. Then they repeat certain texts of Scripture which have been taught them, and sing a hymn. After this they are broken up into classes. They read, write, count, say the multiplication table, and have lessons in Geography, Natural History, Roman History, Drawing, and the elements of Natural Philosophy. Then they have a little English lesson. They count as far as twenty in English, and know several words and sentences. But we are doing little this summer, except to accustom their ears to the strange sounds. English is very necessary for the servants and working-people, and we shall eventually teach them the language thoroughly." * * * "While we are able to make our children very happy, while they love us very dearly, and in their play-hours like better to talk with us than to do anything else in the world, we have also been able to secure their obedience, and are beginning to teach them the beauty of truth. The Roman people are fearfully untruthful, and this gain is very precious to us." * * * "I should have mentioned before that to some of the children whose parents are very poor, I give a meal at noon. It is very simple, but in many instances it keeps the children from actual suffering for the want of nourishment." * * * "This work is now fairly begun. The seed was sown in great weakness, and literally in tears The harvest may be late, but it is sure. We commend, in all confidence, this work to Christians at home. We must have, in order to carry it on the coming year, from a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars. Indeed, we can use any amount you will send us for the instruction, civilization, and Christianization of the destitute children of Rome. "Come over" then "and help us.'"

Women's Charitable Work in Boston.

The following account of one of the most interesting of the benevolent works of the good women of Boston, is principally drawn from reports furnished by a friend in that city.

We hope ladies engaged in similar works in other cities will favor us with accounts of their missions, thus creating a bond of sympathy, and "provoking one another to love and to good works."

THE NORTH END MISSION.

A year ago the managers of the Boston North End Mission printed a strong appeal to the Christian public in behalf of an enterprise which was described in these words: "We purpose to furnish to the penitent female outcasts . . . an asylum like the Ark on the Deluge, where, as soon as they enter, they can feel 'God shut them in,' and be sure they will be supported and sheltered from the overflowing iniquity around them, till their feet touch the mountain tops of a new world, and they are saved. It is to be a temporary but effectual retreat, lodging such as come to it only till they can be returned safely to society, but *guarding them faithfully while they stay.*"

We are happy to say that the appeal has been nobly responded to, and that the building desired for the temporary Home has been purchased and fitted up with conveniences for 50 inmates.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HOUSE.

This building, costing $28,000, stands on the east side of North Street, No. 201, and is the same heretofore occupied in part by the Mission as its headquarters.

It is of brick, four stories high, with French roof, and covers an area of 40 ft. by 60. In the rear is a sunny yard about the same dimensions, which will be tastefully planted with shrubs and flowers. A strong board fence surrounds the yard, 20 feet high, effectually screening it from the windows of adjacent tenement-houses.

The basement of the building (once occupied by filthy brothel bed-stalls) is furnished with laundry, closets, cooking apparatus, and steam-heating furnaces for all the rooms above, and contains an apartment opening to the street, to be used as a cheap restaurant, where meals will be furnished at cost; also for the dispensing of *free* meals, coffee, etc., to the destitute. The ground floor, formerly the sole accommodation of the mission, at a rent of $900 a year, has undergone a few front alterations, securing more light and better economy of space, and will continue to be the "Mission Hall."

It is frescoed, tastefully decorated with mottoes, and furnished with settees, lecture desk, piano, organ, song roll, library, and current periodicals for such as wish to read, and will seat comfortably at least 400 people. Here the regular Sunday School sessions and prayer and preaching meetings are held, as also the Sunday School and musical concerts, annual festivals and special praise-meetings, exhibitions and lectures, afforded from time to time in aid of the local work.

The second and third floors contain the office and residence of the missionary, the matron's apartments, the work-rooms and day school-room, with all the necessary conveniences of closets, bathing apparatus, &c.

The fourth and fifth stories consist entirely of lodging-rooms. These are well furnished, clean, sweet and even elegant. The building will also contain hospital conveniences for the use of the sick.

It will readily be seen that a house which once held 16 families could without difficulty be made to accommodate 50 lodgers who are all members of *one* family. The whole is heated by steam, and well supplied with baths (warm and cold), lighting and ventilating arrangements, &c. No hotel could be found more comfortable, or better appointed; few private homes are more attractive or completely ordered. The building itself, from its shape and structure, easily admitted of all these new adaptations, and seems to have been marked for them long ago, by a secret providence, against the day when it should be transferred from the uses of infamy to the purposes of charity and religion. The cleaners and repairers will never publish the discoveries made by them while fighting out with fire and water and lime and paint, the abominations its old tenantry left behind them; but the contrast between what it *is* and what it *was*, if told in detail, would almost furnish material for a drama of death and resurrection. Thus, even sooner than they had hoped, the friends of reform at the North End find the very house most desired and most eligible for an outcasts' Home put into their possession, enlarging their facilities of usefulness to some fit proportion with the magnitude of their plan. No doubt can exist that this establishment will be abundantly patronized.

PROGRESS IN THE MISSION'S WORK.

The agents of this public charity have always recognized the fact that comfort to the *body* is a means of access for good to the *soul*. Hence the careful provision made in appropriate departments of the new "Home," for *cleanliness*, *food*, and *clothes*.

The affection and moral sensibilities of hundreds, otherwise unapproachable, have been savingly reached through ministering to their natural necessities. Organized on the principle expressed in the homely couplet of Peter Pindar:—

"The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find,
Lies through their mouths—or I mistake mankind."

The *New Year's dinners* given at the Mission Hall, have become an *institution*. The results of this happy expedient are seen from year to year in greatly increased tidiness in dress, propriety in behavior, and confidence towards those who are laboring for their good.

The free lunch experiment inaugurated last year has been a perfect success. Many deeply interesting instances could be detailed if space permitted, of hopeless and aimless wretches reclaimed and led to self-respect and usefulness by being first warmed and fed at the Mission, demonstrating, over and over again, the mysterious but intimate sisterhood between the stomach and the soul. Since New Year's Day, 1870, above 800 hungry wanderers have been furnished with free meals, and of these no less than 75 have been won by the direct influence of this kindness to the steady virtue of a Christian life.

The *free wardrobe*, another well-known feature of our institution, is kept full (as is mostly the case also with the larder of

the lunch room) by continual contributions from liberal friends with whom it is more blessed to give than to receive. The scene at the weekly distribution on Saturday afternoons, when throngs of poor little street children, sometimes to the number of 100 or 150 (in winter), stand waiting for their turn to come, is worth a journey to see.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

In no department has success more signally smiled upon the operations of the North End Mission than in its Industrial Schools.

Certainly in no department can it more confidently plead the urgent demand of a great duty, or more conscientiously claim the aid of a generous public. Putting together the two facts that social evil is on *the increase* among us, and that *one chief cause and chief support of social evil is* IDLENESS, either forced or voluntary, the conclusion is inevitable that any agency which effectually abates the curse of *idleness* is likely to check the increase of the "social evil."

The great majority of prostitutes are ignorant of useful work; and even for females whose only crimes are poverty and misfortune, it is very hard, at the best, to obtain employment. In a State which has 100,000 more women than men, it is sadly significant that of the "anxious and aimless" poor in all this female population there are about twenty unsuccessful applicants for every vacant place.

The question, How can this unhappy class of women be aided? has been fearlessly met by the North End Mission, and its solution undertaken with a measure of success which promises much for the future. The agents of this charity take for their rule in their efforts for lost females the principle uttered by Gen. H. K. Oliver, in his Annual Report as Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, "*make them self-supporting producers, instead of dependent consumers.*" In pursuance of this purpose, industrial classes were organized in connection with the Mission, one of children, and another of adults; and a general invitation was extended to the destitute and vicious women and girls who inhabit the first Ward to attend the weekly session of this manual labor school, and be taught the useful arts of domestic life, or furnished with a means of competent support in honest work which they already know. A corps of worthy and eminent ladies volunteered as teachers, and the benevolent movement soon outgrew the accommodations provided for carrying it on. The little girls' class begun three years ago with 12 pupils, has reached an average of 150, who assemble every Wednesday afternoon and receive instruction in sewing, knitting, etc.

The adult class, begun two years ago, has increased from 5 to 70. These meet every Friday afternoon, and learn sewing, knitting, patching, darning, etc. Already in these classes, presided over now by twenty Christian lady teachers, no less than 500 unfortunates have been received and aided, and still the work, in every phase of it, continues to enlarge.

AN INDUSTRIAL HOME.

To perfect this institution, it is designed to furnish an *Industrial Home in the country.* This will include a boarding-house, of sufficient size to meet the present wants of applicants, and a manual labor establishment in its immediate neighborhood where all can be furnished with constant employment.

OUR WORK VINDICATES ITSELF.

Already the North End Mission, whose capacity and whose facilities we are laboring to extend, has, during the five years of its existence, performed a noble part in changing for the better the social condition and order of its dark neighborhood. An old resident who still pursues an immoral calling near No. 201, declares that before the Mission began, it was as much as her life was worth to venture up and down North Street, in the night, so frequent were the fights, robberies and murders there. "Nine years ago," she said to the Missionary, "I never thought of going to bed till three or four o'clock in the morning, the uproar was so great; and if a man had his brains scattered on the sidewalk nobody would dare interfere for fear of being killed. *Now* it is as safe living in North Street as anywhere else."

FESTIVAL ON THE GOVERNOR'S GROUNDS.

On a pleasant day in June, Mrs. Gov. Claflin, who is President of the Girls' Industrial School, invited all the beneficiaries of the schools, with their teachers and friends, to a festival at her home in Newtonville, ten miles from the city. Complimentary tickets were furnished on the Boston & Albany Railroad, and to those who were too poor to make themselves presentable, tidy garments had been furnished.

On arriving at the Governor's house, they were met by Mrs. Claflin, who welcomed each one with gracious hospitality and the gift of a pretty fan. Then through the long summer afternoon they strolled over the beautiful lawns, or rested under the shade of the grand old trees, or in tents. There were the nicest of strawberries, ice cream and cake. There was "music by the band," and singing by the multitude. There was prayer by Dr. Kirk, and an address by Dr. Manning. There were smiles and kind words in abundance on the part of the entertainers, but no sign of a stand-by-thyself-for-I-am holier-than-thou feeling, and much joy on the part of the quaint looking company, but no rudeness or impropriety of any kind. For one day they were invited to forget their poverty, and want, and sin, and to catch a glimpse of the pleasures that come of virtue, refinement and cultivation.

Who can estimate the amount of good done by this generous gathering in from the "highways and hedges?" Is it not much like that breaking of an alabaster box of precious ointment, which our Lord in no wise accounted a waste?

[Translated from the Italian for the True Woman.]

Woman's Lot.

A NEAPOLITAN STORY BY GIOVANNI FIORENTINO.

I am going to tell you a story that happened at Naples, of a widow, and of her son, whom she sent to Bologna to study. There was in Naples a gentle lady whose name was Corsina, born in Capua, and wife of a noble cavalier called Ramondo del Balzo. Now, as it pleased God, the lady became a widow, and lived alone with her only son, Carlo; who, in speech and in act, much resembled Ramondo, his father, and on whom the lady Corsina bestowed all her care and income, and when he was old enough, sent him to Bologna to study, so that he might become a renowned and valiant man. For this purpose his mother gave him a tutor, and furnished him with books and with all that he needed, and in the name of God sent him to Bologna, where she maintained him many years, and supplied him with all that he required to perfect his studies. These the young man used to his advantage, and in a short time became a famous scholar; and was highly esteemed by all the students, not only for his learning, but also for the beautiful and magnanimous life that he lived.

Now it happened that the youth, being come to man's estate, and licensed in the profession of law, he resolved to return to Naples, but before he could do so fell ill, even to death. All the doctors in Bologna tried to cure him, but could find no way to do so. When Carlo saw that he could not be cured, he said to himself these words: "I do not care nor grieve so much for this for my own sake, but how disconsolate will my mother be, who has no son but me, on whom she has spent almost all she had in the world, thinking that my success in life would amply repay her; for she hoped to make some grand connection for me, so learned and accomplished; believing that I would soon restore the fallen fortunes of our family. When she shall hear that I am dead, and that she had not been able even to be with me, she will die a thousand deaths from her dreadful grief."

So, thought he, in that hour, more of his mother's sorrow than of the loss of his own young life.

Now going over these things often in his mind, he conceived the idea of doing something that would prepare his mother for his death, and lessen the depth of her affliction when she heard of it. And so he wrote to her a letter thus—"My dearest mother, I wish that you would be so good as to send me a shirt, sewed by the hands of the happiest woman in Naples, by the one that is also the most beautiful, and who of all others has the fewest cares."

The letter reached the mother, who, as soon as she had read it, set herself to seek and to enquire for the woman, who was the most without sorrow or care, and who would be suitable and willing to fulfil the wishes of her son Carlo. She sought long,

in vain, but at last discovered one, so beautiful and gay, that no grief or care seemed ever to have come nigh her, and no evil in the world ever to have touched her. To her the lady Corsina went privately, and was kindly received and proffered a thousand welcomes. "Do you know," said Corsina, "why I have come to you? It is because I have come to the conclusion that you are the happiest woman in Naples—have the fewest cares, and seem to be without any tribulation whatsoever; and because I wish of you a great service—that you would make, with your own beautiful hands, a shirt for my son, who has made this request of me."

The lovely lady answered—"You say that you have considered and seen that I am the happiest and most light-hearted woman in Naples?"

"Yes," replied the lady Corsina.

"Then I must prove to you that it is just the contrary is true; then you will admit a more unfortunate and miserable woman than I never was born upon the earth, neither ever had any one greater grief nor deeper trouble, and therefore I beg that you will follow me."

And so she took Corsina by the hand and led her into an ante-chamber and showed her a young man hung by the neck on a scaffold! Then said lady Corsina, "Ah me! what is this?"

The beautiful and gay lady uttered a deep sigh, and replied, "Madonna, this is a worthy and good young man of whom my husband became jealous, waylaid and murdered, and has hung in this place as you behold, and for my greater grief he compels me to see this sight every evening and every morning, and you may think what it is to look upon such a sight every day of one's life. Now, if you wish me to make the shirt for your son, most willingly I will do it, but as to believing me to be the happiest woman in Naples, know that I am the most sad and sorrowful woman now in the world, or that ever did live in it."

Then Corsina took her leave, and returning to her house wrote to her son that he must pardon her not sending the shirt he had asked for, because she had searched diligently, but had found no woman *without griefs and sorrows as much as she could bear.* And so in a few days came to her a letter saying her son was dead. When she knew this she said, I see now there is no one in the world without tribulation. Even our blessed Lady, being the Lady of Ladies, had hers, and because my son wished that I might have comfort, I have been made to see that I am not alone in sorrow. God bless him and let his wish be fulfilled.

And so she comforted herself and continued to live many years and with various changes of fortune. E.

[*From the (Shreveport, La.,) Daily South-Western.*]

The Equal Rights Party require from Congress at its next session a declaratory act which shall secure to women in the several States the free exercise of the elective franchise, and this being viewed as good as almost obtained, it has nominated for the next Presidential term the distinguished personage of Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull, of New York, and asks for their candidate the support of the combined suffrages of men and women in 1872. The combined suffrages so bestowed would give us a female as First Executive, and then would follow a reign of free-love commensurate with the idea of Presidential greatness. The contemplation of such a piece of folly looks to us like the enactment of a huge practical joke; yet to show that the party is up and doing, we append a circular addressed to us through the mail a day or two ago.

Book Notices.

We have received from W. A. Wild & Co., No. 1 Cornhill, Boston, A CONDENSED SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, by William Swinton, Professor of History in the University of California. (New York: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.)

The clear and concise paragraphing, the direct and recitable construction, the new and excellent method of Topical Reviews, the condensed presentation of the leading events in American Progress, free from partisan bias of sectionalism, politics or religion, the large number of maps and illustrations, the style, combining the maximum of instruction with the minimum of words, all combine to render this, undoubtedly, the best School History of the United States now in the market. We trust it will be universally adopted as a text-book for schools, and recommend it as an admirable book of reference for private libraries. We are happy to learn that Professor Swinton is preparing a comprehensive History, which will be issued at an early day by the above-mentioned publishing house.

ZERUB THROOP'S EXPERIMENT. By Mrs. A. D. Whitney, Author of "Hitherto," "Patience Strong's Outings," "The Gayworthy's," etc., etc. (Boston: Loring, Publisher.)

The announcement of a new book from the pen of Mrs. Whitney is always the signal of a new success, and never more so than in the present instance. Zerub Throop experiments with Providence, and Providence brings the experiment to a happy issue in a mysterious, but not impossible manner, while a touch of the supernatural gives unusual zest to the story. The pictures of New England life are given with the author's usual felicity.

THE BOSTON DIP, *and other Verses.* By Fred. W. Loring. (Boston: Loring, Publisher.)

One of the books whose mission is to amuse and please an idle or a weary hour; a mission by no means unimportant in the intense, busy life of the present generation. The young author evinces decided talent in this line, and we wish him equal success in the future cultivation of his muse in the "*vers de société.*"

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